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OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE —
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS —
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 50

No.

9

FEBRUARY, 1918

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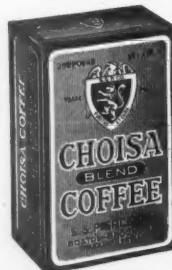
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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 9

MASSACHUSETTS is not used to "Dog Days" in January, but the proposed "New Dog Act" has anticipated the calendar this year.

AS we have said before, there are good dogs and bad dogs. They are much like people. Yet to many, dogs are simply dogs.

THE victory that wins a permanent peace is what we want, whether that victory is won in the field of arms or in the field of reason.

FIFTY-FIVE HUNDRED horses and mules at Camp Devens alone. The soldier-horse and the soldier-mule are still very vital factors in modern warfare. One horse to four men is the requirement for the army.

THERE has been a decrease of sheep in Australia from 92,000,000 head in 1911 to 69,000,000 in 1916. Yet we have never heard of Australian sheep-raisers laying this decrease to dogs.

IN 1910 there were in this country 52,500,000 sheep. In 1916, 49,000,000. A far smaller decrease than in Australia. Meanwhile we are constantly hearing that but for the dog the now declining sheep industry would be in a flourishing condition.

LET us not be afraid to listen to any peace proposals the Central Powers have to offer. The Allies may not accept them, but the reiterated assertion that we shall listen to nothing until the foe is crushed is not the highest patriotism. If we can bring him to our terms before he is crushed so much the better for us as well as for him.

IN the dark days of the Civil War President Lincoln now and again set apart a day for special prayer. Has the nation outgrown the need for such a day? Would our soldiers "over there," and here, find neither inspiration nor comfort in the consciousness that, on such a day, while the nation prayed for the hastening of peace, it carried them on its heart to Him — "Our help in ages past, our hope for years to come"?

THE HORSES AT CAMP DEVENS

THREE times we have visited Camp Devens and the Remount Station. Each time it has been to look over the horses. The officers in charge have received us most courteously and given us every opportunity to inspect the animals. At the Remount Station the horses are received, inspected, cared for when sick or injured, and later turned over as needed to the various departments. Recently some 3000 horses and mules have been delivered to Camp Devens. The animals arriving by train, almost altogether having come from the western and northwestern States, and used to the open air rather than to close stabling, are turned, if sound and well, into corrals. In these corrals are large covered shelter sheds, protected on three sides, into which they can go if they want to. Nearly the whole length of the corral there runs also a hayrack, some eight or ten feet high, kept well filled with hay which is in itself a pretty good wind-break. Connected with the corrals are five hospital buildings into which the sick and injured are taken upon the first indication of trouble. We have been there when there has been more than a foot of snow on the ground and with the thermometer at zero. The condition of the animals in the corrals has been far better than one, used only to well-stabled horses, would imagine. As these horses must be more or less at all times exposed to the weather, the best experience shows that there is a great deal less sickness as the result of their being kept in the corrals than there would be if they were placed in warm stables and blanketed. On our second visit there were 5500 horses at the Remount Station. The number sick in the hospitals from colds, pneumonia and troubles resulting from these ills was surprisingly small. The death-rate at that time was only four or five a day. On the day of our third visit, during the bitter cold weather the last of December, there had been no deaths the previous twenty-four hours, and the average deaths were only two or three. When one considers the long shipments to which these animals have been subjected, the possibilities of infection from the cars and at the places where they have been unloaded for food, rest and water, this is an amazingly low percentage of deaths. At Camp Devens stables have been provided to accommodate 9000 horses and mules which are exercised, ridden and led about, and used as necessity requires.

Of course conditions are not such as our private carriage and best city teaming horses are accustomed to. They cannot be. War means for the horses as for the men no little hardship and deprivation. But we believe that under Captain Littauer's watchful supervision everything is being done, that, in the circumstances, can be done. Whatever the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has been able to do to meet any emergency has been promptly attended to, and it is understood both at Camp Devens and at the Remount Station that the Society stands ready to answer any demand made upon it so far as its fund for the Relief of Army Horses permits.

WE have in our office a piece of metal from the munition ship, Mont Blanc, which exploded in Halifax harbor. This piece of steel weighs nearly two pounds and was taken from the neck of a horse which was a mile away at the time of the accident. The horse recovered.

THE U. S. Department of Agriculture is authority for the statement that less than a million horses have been sent abroad since this war began in 1914. Many newspapers have put the number at a million and a half. The former figure, Heaven knows, represents enough of suffering.

WHY have the calls for help for the suffering animals of Halifax resulted in contributions of perhaps only \$2500, all told, while for the human sufferers the gifts have exceeded a million? Not simply because the human sufferers naturally and rightfully should come first, but because, as Mr. Angell often said, for a hundred people interested in human beings there is only one who is concerned about animals. Yet we will venture the statement that all the people who gave for the animals gave also for the suffering men, women and children of the stricken city.

A HAPPY man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will. Their entrance into a room is as though another candle were lighted.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"Smoky Jim"—a Tribute to My Horse

LOU E. COLE, Cowboy Poet, San Francisco

I WOULD like to tell a story, of when I rode the range, of reckless cowboy pleasure, work and hardships rare and strange. When the hills were open highways from the rugged rocky peaks of the high, snow-clad Sierras—down where noisy ocean speaks. When wide and verdant valleys, canyons, mesas, plains and hills, were dotted o'er with cattle, while the whistling cowboy fills the air with old-time melodies to the clanking spur and bit, as he swung along with easy lope, or perhaps—a "throwing grit."

I want to tell you of my horse; I called him—Smoky Jim. A coal-black, keen-eyed rangey mount, well muscled, strong yet slim, without a single ounce of waste from his nostrils to his tail; I never called for strength or speed on Jim without avail. We lived together day and night, fair weather, rain or storm; in summer's heat, or winter's cold, our comradeship was warm. I kept his glossy satin coat as clean as it could be, his back had not one saddle-scald, or mark that you could see. When on the trail that wound about the canyon's rugged rim, or chasm deep, all boulder-strewn I left it all to Jim, for well I knew his nimble feet, his calm and fearless eye, were better than my guiding hand; he had proved the reason why. Together we have scaled the heights above the hazy clouds, and looked down on the valleys with their floating, misty shrouds; have drunk together from some pool formed by a mountain rill, or, dozed and slept in noon-day heat, high up some shady hill. One day while holding cattle as they came in straggling bands from the higher mountain ranges, to the lower mesa lands, two wild bulls with lowering lances, gleaming eyes and bated breath, met in battle fierce—terrific, that was ended but in death.

Crash on crash was quickly given by each mighty, massive head, horn to horn locked in a struggle till each horn was gory-red. Circling, pushing, pawing, charging in their bellowings of hate, while around in dust of battle stood the herd to learn its fate.

"Look out—they're down upon us!"

"No—they have turned the other way! See the cows and yearlings stampede to escape the maddened fray!"

But when once the victor conquers, has his blood-blind foeman sped, woe to any man or beast before that charging, vanquished head! It has happened! See—the victor has his wide outspreading horns buried in his hated rival, who all thought of quarter scorns. Look! an avalanche of terror sweeps to where, with jibe and joke, a bunch of cowboys sit at ease indulging in a smoke.

It burst upon them like a bolt from out the summer sky.

"Quidado Torros!" yells a voice, and men and horses fly. "Too late! My God—the beasts have struck"—and with a sickening sound, 'mid dust and thundering of hoofs—we are hurled along the ground.

It seemed as if a thousand bells were ringing in my ears, and I was trampled under foot by a thousand maddened steers. I felt myself in endless space—enwrapped in cooling clouds, then falling swift through awful void; I tried to shriek aloud. 'Mid deafening roars about my head I heard a cowboy say:

"That's tough on Lou, his Smoky Jim has worked his last today." And then I heard a "45" speak out right near my head. How well I knew the tale it told! My Smoky Jim—

was dead. Those cruel horns had rent and torn the vitals of poor Jim. I knew the worst; that shot had said there was no help for him. For such is cowboy sympathy—for all they seem so wild, their hearts are touched by suffering; in their grief they're as a child.

I could not realize the truth; it dazed my reeling brain. Should I not hear his welcome neigh, nor stroke his sides again? Not feel his throbbing, pulsing heart—his heated, fragrant breath?

No—truest friend—I leave you here—to solitude—and death!

If ever cowboy loved a horse—and horse has loved a man, then Jim and I were pals indeed, since first our work began. And on the higher ranges green, that we all hope to see, I know I'll find my faithful Jim. He's waiting there—for me.

U. S. ARMY HORSES IN FRANCE

THE following letter from an officer of the 101st Field Artillery, American Expeditionary Forces in France, is the first report we have seen relative to the horses sent over with our troops. It came to one of our directors, and will be of special interest to all who have contributed to our Army Horse Relief Fund:

Somewhere in France.

It may be of interest to you to know that your medicines were a vast help to this regiment. For that matter your kindness is very much appreciated by Dr. Kingston and myself. We both had horse ships coming over and made a very successful passage. The men took exceptionally good care of the horses on the ship and the animals landed in splendid shape. As you know, in my regiment the care of all animals is, without exception, the best possible, and the horses certainly show their appreciation. This is not to be wondered at in the 101st Field Artillery. . . .

Yours very truly,
2d Lieut. E. A. Dowd, V.C.N.G.

STATUS OF BIRD TREATY

THE treaty with Great Britain for the protection of migratory birds in the United States and Canada was ratified August 29, 1916, and ratifications were exchanged December 7, 1916. Early last year a bill to carry the treaty into effect was introduced in Congress, but too late in the session to permit consideration before adjournment. When the Sixty-fifth Congress convened, identical bills (H. R. 2612 and S. 1553) were introduced in the House and Senate on April 10 to carry the treaty into effect. The Senate bill was passed on July 30, and is now awaiting consideration in the House. In Canada a similar measure passed both Houses of Parliament and became a law August 29.

A very general effort was made during the past year on the part of the States to conform their laws with the federal regulations, and on the part of the Canadian Provinces to bring their laws into harmony with the provisions of the treaty. In twenty-one States the open seasons on waterfowl were made uniform and seasons on other birds were brought into practical harmony with the federal regulations. The most important of these changes were made in Arkansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Oklahoma, South Dakota, and Tennessee, where spring shooting of waterfowl and shore birds, formerly permitted, is now entirely prohibited.

THE WAR HORSE

VIRGIL

THE fiery courser when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd
sight.

On his right shoulder his thick mane, reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind:
His horny hoofs are jelly, black, and round;
His chain is double: starting with a bound
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow;
He bears his rider headlong to the foe.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HORSE

EVERY horse will work better and longer if given three ample meals daily; plenty of pure water; proper shoes, sharpened in slippery weather; a blanket in cold weather; a stall 6 by 9 feet, or enough room to lie down; and two weeks' vacation each year.

Horses' shoes should be reset every four or five weeks when roads are icy. Keep your horse's shoes well sharpened. The constant fear of falling, and the tiresome strain on the muscles, often fret and tire a horse more than a hard drive.

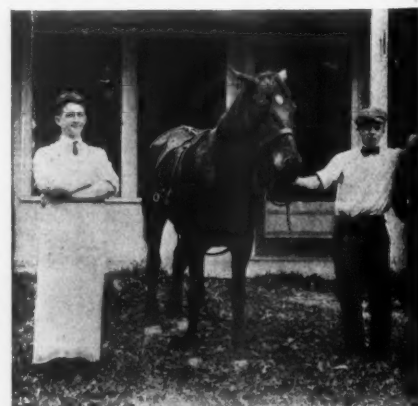
Trying on a shoe while hot—or "seating it" while hot—is a very bad practice, and the smith who will do it is not a good mechanic. No shoe should ever be touched to a hoof while the shoe is too hot to be held in the smith's hand. A hot shoe will kill the life and destroy the elasticity of the hoof.

Be sure your horse has exercise every day. It is extremely important that the work-horse be given exercise on holidays and Sundays unless his feed is reduced. Lack of such exercise combined with heavy feeding is likely to produce azoturia or blackwater.

Do not twitch the reins when driving.

Don't trust a strange hostler, but see yourself that your horse is properly fed, watered, and cared for.

SAYING "Look at that poor horse in this terrible cold without a blanket on him" will not do the horse any good. Caution the driver, and if he doesn't blanket him, report the case to your Society.



A RECONSTRUCTED MAINE HORSE

Terribly abused in past years, he is now recognized as a side partner in the grocery firm which has changed its attitude towards the horse as the result of three years' patient effort by a prominent humane worker.

The Appalling Disaster at Halifax

Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Sends Aid for Animals in Stricken City

WHEN the appeal for help was sounded from stricken Halifax after the frightful explosion which left so large a part of that city as scarred and devastated as any European battlefield, Massachusetts' response was instant. Train loads of first aid, in selected personnel

and an appeal for contributions made in the leading papers of the state. Up to this writing more than \$1500 has been received. Officers Theodore W. Pearson and Ambrose F. Nowlin took the first available train for Halifax. Upon arrival they were taken at once to those sections of sorest need where, in the midst of conditions that made stout hearts quail, they realized the magnitude of that death-dealing blast and the terrible toll it had taken.

In coöperation with Mr. Murray and Mr. P. J. McAuliffe, his zealous assistant, our officers secured a team from the Relief Committee and proceeded among the ruins throughout the devastated district. Equipped also with the means for humanely destroying such animals as had been wounded so badly as to render recovery hopeless, they dispatched scores of the suffering victims of which life had

premises where owners or occupants had abandoned the buildings after hurriedly boarding up doors and windows, leaving domestic animals imprisoned therein, to suffer starvation in zero weather, to cry now pitiously, now weakly, for that aid that was all too slow in coming. The area of ruin extended for many miles into the countryside. Appeals for grain and hay came from far as well as near. Livestock that had escaped destruction were without fodder and shelter during several days of frigid temperature. Our officers labored night and day to meet these urgent cases, carrying relief sometimes as far as ten miles from the city. A kind and generous humane friend of the Halifax S. P. C. gave over the use of her stable as a temporary shelter for those animals salvaged from the devastated area.

As our officers were about to depart after their eight days of assistance to the local authorities, they were presented with commemorative medals at a meeting of prominent citizens of Nova Scotia, including Lieut. Gov. Grant, Hon. Geo. E. Faulkner, Mayor Colwell of Halifax, Pres. Symmes and Sec. Murray of the S. P. C., and many others. Colonel Hamilton, representing the Governor-General of Canada,



KILLED IN HARNESS

and materials were quickly started towards the ill-fated city to succor the human victims of that awful disaster.

From Mr. R. H. Murray, secretary of the Nova Scotia S. P. C., also came the call to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for help in relieving the suffering among animals. There was no hesitation, no delay. \$1000 was advanced at once by the Executive Committee of our Society,



HUNGRY AND SHELTERLESS

strangely refused to let go. Here and there they searched among the wrecks of buildings, releasing dogs, cats, pigs and poultry; putting an end to the misery of some, transporting others to shelters where feed and warmth could be readily provided.

We would spare our readers many of the harrowing details of the experiences of our officers in their work of mercy. A few instances will suffice to tell the tragic tale of that prosperous community laid waste in a few brief moments, with more than a thousand lives snuffed out and as many more maimed, mangled, and mutilated but yet living. A horse was found into whose neck a piece of armor plate, presumably a fragment of the munitions ship, had been driven by the force of the explosion. Though deeply imbedded, it was removed and the animal put in a fair way to recovery. This piece of metal weighed nearly two pounds and was brought to our offices. A collie dog was found several days after the explosion, amidst the wreck and ruin of his home, guarding a flock of fowl even against the stranger who was bent upon relieving their pitiable distress. In not a few instances the humane agents went upon



FEEDING A SURVIVOR

expressed in eloquent words the appreciation of Canada for the aid sent from Massachusetts.

In letters testimonial received from Mr. Murray, whose efficiency in organizing the work of rescue deserves the widest recognition, he says: "I do not know what we would have done without the aid of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. I cannot tell you how overwhelmingly grateful we are for the great generosity of your society in sending us the two officers, Messrs. Nowlin and Pearson, and also for the advancing of a thousand dollars for immediate necessities.

"We feel ourselves more and more bound to the American nation at this crisis in the world's history, and the relief which has come from Boston and other cities has been a great godsend to our stricken people."



GUARDING THE RUINS

A TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLAR
REWARD

THE National Institution for Moral Instruction, with headquarters in Washington, is offering a \$20,000 prize for the "Best Method of Character Education in the Public Schools." Here is a subject worthy the consideration of the best educators of the nation. Were Mr. Angell alive, he would say at once, "The work of the American Humane Education Society has been steadily pursuing this 'Best Method' for the past twenty-five years." For ourselves we believe that nothing has been done in the public schools of this country for a quarter of a century which has had such influence in character education as the widespread teaching of those principles of justice, fair play and kindness toward all sentient life, human and sub-human, carried on by the society Mr. Angell founded. He himself was always quick to maintain that only on such character as embodied these principles, — principles at war with all cruelty, race-prejudice, violence, injustice — could an enduring republic be built. Four million children gathered into Bands of Mercy, and taught the meaning and worth of these fundamental elements of character, have been, and are today, forces for good in our American life beyond what any man can estimate.

IN THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK
LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

THE walls are rough and gray and cold,
And weather-stained and flecked with mold;

The crumbling walls are built of stone
And tell a tale of years long flown!
But hid in a chink in this lonely house
A tenant there is, a wee pert mouse
Who comes from fields where thistles blow
To bide a bit from frost and snow!

Oh, a nest has he of milk-weed down
And mosses dun and mosses brown,
All woven they in the softest bed
And muffling close from foot to head!
And his coat is gray as the milk-weed pod
When the floss is blown to the sleeping sod;
And his feet are pink and his tiny nose
And his trailing tail and delicate toes!

And a path has he in the basement old
When the snows lie deep in the winter cold;
A trail to nuts and garnered things
Up, up in the rock whose hollow rings
Ofttimes with the tap of the smiling frost;
And there in the wall, while the world is lost

To dreams of summer and song and bloom,
A feast finds he in a banquet room!

Oh, the walls of the house are breaking down
Far, far from the noise of the busy town!
And the early lilacs lean and look,
But never they see the cloistered nook
Where a cozy bed of moss is built
With silken cover and gray-check quilt;
Nor do they hear the light pink feet;
So soft are they — so soft and fleet!

So you have taken to carrying around a monkey? This is going too far."

"Well, you never go anywhere with me," was his wife's somewhat ambiguous retort.

—Pittsburgh Post

THE MUSKRAT ORPHANS

HARRY L. PIPER

GLEAMS of May sunshine dance on the ripples of the meadow brook, golden against its brown depths. Flakes of foam whisk by, swift through the stony shallows, slowly and sedately across the wide, deep pools. The current sways the grasses in rhythm with its murmur and dances on and on down many a curve toward the woods.

Through the willows beside the big pool a boy steps cautiously down to the bank and looks earnestly into the water. It is not the

of his hole and prevented by generations-old instinct from returning to the land, the trapped creature pulled and struggled against the chain. There could be but one ending, — death.

But as compared with most trap tragedies the death was quick and easy. The blind terror and fight against an unknown thing could have lasted only a few minutes. The boy had followed instructions to the letter, and as he carried the dead muskrat up to the barn he remembered what his father said the fall before, "Be sure that they drown. Don't let them suffer." He had learned the lesson well, but what a pity that he had not learned the whole of it, that someone had not told him never to trap in the spring. Not only because the fur is without value then, but for a deeper, more elemental reason. If those few terrible minutes of agony in the water were all the suffering brought through his triumph it would not have been so bad. But that was only the beginning. If the boy could have known the whole story, he would not have felt triumphant, merely disgusted.

For the dead muskrat was a mother muskrat, and down in that dark hole under the bank three little babies waited her return. Funny little brown fellows they were, knowing nothing of the world but the dark snug nest in which they lived. They were happy, just as all baby wild creatures are happy until they meet the cruelties of the world. Never had their mother stayed away so long before. They were very hungry. In the world above the sun set and rose again, the bright day passed. Day or night made no difference in the underground home. All times were dark. Nothing mattered but the terrible hunger. Feebly the little fellows crawled around their home, then down the dark passage to where the water shut off further progress and all connection with the outside world. Back and forth, around and around, they crawled as the slow hours and days wore away. Nothing but darkness and hunger anywhere.

Desperate and crazed by his great need one of the babies plunged into the water and somehow, through the strong swimming instinct in his little body, managed to reach the stream outside. It was his first glimpse of the great world and almost his last. Thrown here and there by the current he landed at last on a mud bar and sobbed out his last wretched minutes.

What was the sum total of the boy's triumph? One worthless muskrat skin drying on the barn door. A muddy, dragged little dead body on the mud bank. Two starved little bodies in

the nest. The brief pangs of the drowning mother and the horrible drawn-out starvation sufferings of the babies; all must weigh in the balance.

And the pity of it all is that the boy was a natural, kind-hearted boy and would have scorned to cause such suffering. He simply did not know.

The wearing of the skins of animals who are trapped involves terrible suffering on the part of these poor creatures, for they are sometimes kept for days in hideous torture, arising from a mutilated paw or broken leg.



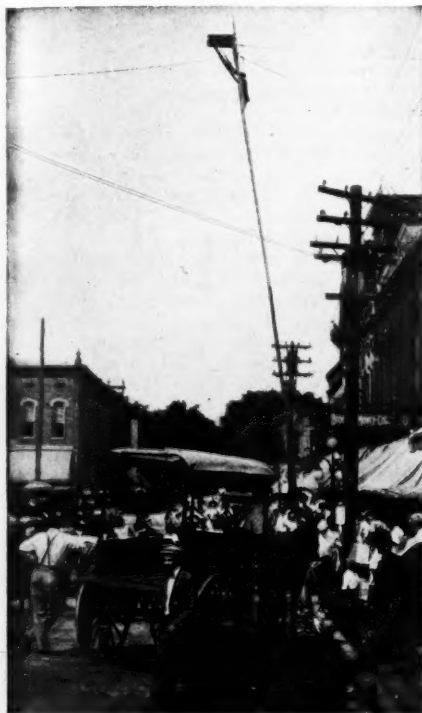
From *The Animals' Friend*, London

sunlit ripples he sees, not the dancing foam or swaying grasses. All the wealth for eye and ear slips by him unheeded, for all his thought centers in a rusty iron ring around a stake and a rusty iron chain in the water.

On the end of the chain is a trap and in the trap is a big muskrat, caught by the foreleg. Well had the boy heeded the lessons given him the fall before; skilfully was the trap placed, just balanced on a submerged log used by the muskrat as a step between its underwater hole and the bank above. When the trap snapped the muskrat plunged for the only safety it knew, the underwater home. The struggle was brief but stern. Held by the chain from the safety

Confessions of a "Professional" Dog Trainer

CARL MAPLES, Late Exhibitor of "World's Greatest Sensational High Diver," Exposes Cruelties of "Working" Dogs



"TOZ," TRICK DOG, NEARING THE TOP OF FORTY-FOOT LADDER

It is customary for all traveling organizations to carry with them as a feature a free attraction. Some have balloon ascensions; some have a man or lady high diver; some have the dog high diver. I wish to say I have had several years' experience with high diving dogs.

In order to educate the dogs you must use a great deal of cruel treatment. First, a ladder is made; then a real good collar, of strong leather. A rope is also used in the training of the canine. A regular buggy whip is used to conquer and abuse the poor victim. Then the dog is placed upon the ladder. Any dog will try to hold to the ladder. He will first try to climb between the rounds—when he does he is whipped in the face and his feet are placed upon the next round and pushed upward. In that way he is taught to climb. When he gets so he can climb he is almost a high diver, for if he climbs he is compelled to dive.

His collar is buckled tight around him. The rope is carried to the top of the ladder and placed over the small pedestal, then tied to the collar. When he ascends to the pedestal the rope is pulled over the top; then he can dive if he wants to, if he doesn't want to he is brutally jerked from the top. The next time he will jump.

My first experience before the public was at the Bohemia Theatre, Cleveland, Tennessee, where "Toz" climbed a forty-foot ladder two or three times a day and leaped headlong into that death-trap, commonly called a net, below. Poor "Toz" was worked hard at this theatre for about sixty days and nights. And then I took him on the road. I first worked East Tennessee fairs, getting about thirty-five dollars per week. I met a man at the Fair in Sweetwater, Tennessee, who owned a high diving dog.

While working in Kentucky he was arrested for cruelty to the dog and was fined about eighty-five dollars, and was told never to work another



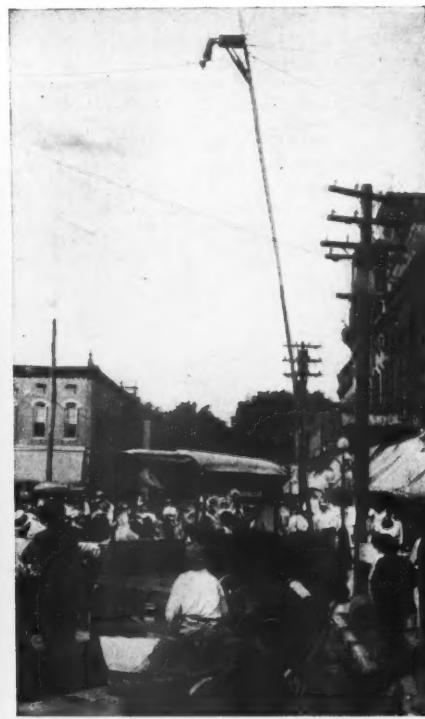
CARL MAPLES, WHOSE CONFESSIONS AS A DOG TRAINER ARE HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME

high diving dog. That is why I always dreaded the Humane Society. Everywhere I went I expected to get in jail for abusing the dog.

After Mr. Nelson paid his fine I purchased his dog ladder for my dog. This new ladder was forty-four and a half feet, making it four and a half feet higher than the ladder Toz had used, but Toz never stalled; he had been trained too well! Poor Toz! He was always willing to work, sunshine or rain.

It was about three years before I fully realized the cruelty in working the high diving dog. Friends, if ever you see another diving act, take a good look at the poor dog and see the tears in his eyes. It's simply terrible the way these dogs are compelled to suffer. If they fail to work to please the audience they are whipped after the act and sometimes they are compelled to go without anything to eat. If a man wishes to amuse the people let him try the high dive or balloon himself; then if he has a spark of humanity about him he will never work another dog. I myself tried the balloon, and it wasn't long before I got enough of the show business. I have a determination never to work or be cruel to another dog of any kind.

One of my four diving dogs was named Jack. Jack was a sixty-foot diver, and the best dog I ever saw. Jack always knew when the hours came, at four and ten, when I would go after him to again risk his life for the recreation or amusement of the audience. He would whimper and the tears would come in his eyes. He knew that again he must climb to the lofty height of sixty feet and leap through the dark, not knowing where, only trusting his master. Jack would never start to climb until the band played "La Paloma"; then he would climb to the top.



"TOZ," TRICK DOG, STARTING TO LEAP FORTY FEET INTO A NET

Friends, be good to the dog, for he is more sensible than you may think. I myself will never work another dog at any price. I always made big money for my high dive, but it never did me any good. I was always broke—a regular bum. Money made off of a canine will do no one any good. I would rather steal.

Be good to the poor dog!

A BETTER WITNESS

A DRIVER who had been brought before the court charged with cruelty to animals admitted that he had driven a galled mule, but demanded acquittal on the testimony of a veterinarian, who declared that the sore on the mule's back did not pain the animal in the least. The judge listened to the long technical opinion, says *Case and Comment*, and then asked where the mule was. When he heard that it was harnessed to a wagon that stood in front of the court house, he adjourned the court for five minutes.

He took his cane and proceeded to the street, went up to the mule and with the end of his cane gently touched the sore spot on the animal's back. The mule promptly tried to kick the dashboard off the wagon. Once again the judge touched the sore spot with his cane, and the mule responded as before.

The judge returned to the bench and ordered the prisoner to appear before him.

"With all due respect to the expert testimony you have introduced in your behalf to show that the mule's back does not pain him, I will fine you fifty dollars," announced the judge. "I asked the mule if the sore hurt him, and he said it did."

— *Youth's Companion*

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

February, 1918

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

MASSACHUSETTS' NEW DOG LAW

ATTENTION was called in the last month's issue of this magazine to the proposed new dog law. The objectionable features of this suggested act called forth a great deal of protest from owners and lovers of dogs. A conference was finally held at which were present representatives of the humane societies, the sheep owners, the hunters, and the commission appointed to draft the act. As a result of the conference the really objectionable sections of the act were eliminated, or so modified as to secure what seemed to us a fair and reasonable treatment of the dog and his owner. When the Bill comes before the legislative committee there will be full opportunity for all to be heard, and if at that time further objections are raised, or if the attempt should be made to insert or reinstate words, sentences, or sections to which lovers and owners of dogs could not consent, such action can then be opposed. It is necessary, therefore, that all friends of the dog watch for the announcement of the hearing and be present. Otherwise, at the last moment, amendments may be offered of a much more drastic nature than those the commission has agreed to recommend.

The license fee remains at \$2.00 for male and \$5.00 for female dogs. Police officers are not permitted to seize any dog within "reasonable control" of its owner, and reasonable control is defined as follows: "A dog shall be deemed to be under reasonable control while on the owner's property, while within call of the owner or handler, while engaged in useful pursuits, or, in case of a hound, while taken out for hunting or exercise." The section that demanded that all dogs should be "securely confined" on the owner's premises from sunset to two hours after sunrise, from April 1st to November 1st, and which authorized any person to kill a dog found running at large in violation of this section, was changed to read:—

"If any owner of a dog refuses or neglects to keep his dog under 'reasonable control,' as provided in section 17 (that is, according to the definition of 'reasonable control' given above), between sunset and two hours after sunrise, he shall be punished by a fine of not more than five dollars."

The Bill provides for the enforcement of the entire act by the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and calls for an appropriation of \$25,000 for this purpose. It is with regard to this question we anticipate no little opposition may arise.

THE MUNICIPAL ABATTOIR AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH

WERE it not for the tremendous power in the hands of the great packing companies of this country the United States would be far in advance of where it is today in its knowledge of the value, both from the point of view of economy and public health, of the municipal abattoir. Here again Germany has led the world in efficiency, in economy and in conserving the health of her people. Her great abattoirs, under the control of municipalities and superintended by the ablest veterinarians her colleges and universities can produce, are everywhere in evidence. To these institutions all private slaughterers bring their animals where, at a far less expense than they can do it themselves, the animals are humanely destroyed, carefully dressed, the carcasses cooled, and the whole process conducted with a cleanliness and regard for sanitary conditions that make the vast majority of the slaughter-houses in this country look like the relics of ancient days.

In this country we have six municipal abattoirs. In reply to letters regarding their successful operation and the satisfaction they have given we have received the three following answers:

"Paris, Texas.

"Dear Sir:

"Replying to your favor of November 20th you are hereby advised that our Abattoir has been operating very successfully since the first of December, 1909. Every feature of it has been a success and we regard it as one of the most practical utilities which we operate. Humane methods, the stunning hammer, the target rifle, are employed in all of our slaughtering. I was president of the Humane Society of this city for years and am in hearty sympathy with all thought and concern for better things along these lines.

"Under separate cover I enclose a pamphlet which will give you in detail any information you may wish concerning the plan, operation or function performed by our Abattoir.

"With sincere good wishes, I am,

"Yours very truly,

(Signed) "Ed. H. McCuiston, Mayor."

"Albany, Georgia.

"Dear Sir:

"Replying to yours of the 20th instant will say that the City of Albany owns and operates a Municipal Abattoir. The result has been most satisfactory. The butchers were inclined to be a little ugly at first on account of the strict inspection, but they very soon realized that they, as well as the consumer of this meat, were benefited, and after about three months we have had no trouble in pleasing both the seller and the buyer. All animals slaughtered are stunned by a hammer blow.

"If there is any further information that you desire I will be pleased to give it.

"Yours very truly,

(Signed) "M. W. Tipt, Mayor."

"Grand Forks, North Dakota.

"Dear Sir:

"I have your letter dated November 20th requesting information with regard to the successful operation of the Municipal Abattoir owned and operated by the City of Grand Forks, North Dakota.

"In reply, I beg to advise you that the City of Grand Forks built this Abattoir in 1904 at a cost for site of \$2000, and for building and equipment \$16,000. While the operation of our Abattoir has paid the city something less

than \$100 per year receipts over operating expense, nevertheless it has been of inestimable value from every other standpoint to the citizens of the city.

"Previous to the erection of this Municipal Abattoir individual butchers operated slaughter-houses just outside of the city limits, which made it impossible for city authorities to regulate them in any manner, and as a result everything about them was deplorably unsanitary. Since the operation of the Municipal Abattoir the people know that any meat slaughtered in the city is done in a sanitary manner under the supervision of a licensed inspector working in harmony with the federal and state laws and city ordinances. Our people would not go back to the old system even if the total cost of operating the Abattoir plant had to be paid out of the taxes each year, which would amount to about \$3000. During the last fiscal year, from September 1st, 1916, to August 31st, 1917, there were slaughtered in round numbers 600 cattle, 125 sheep, 325 veal, 1100 hogs, 225 calves; besides considerable tallow, being sold and receipts from storage fees.

"With regard to the methods of slaughter, the animals are stunned by the use of a hammer. Animals slaughtered by the Jews here are not stunned before being slaughtered.

"Hoping the above information is satisfactory,

"Very truly yours,

(Signed) "W. H. ALEXANDER, City Auditor."

England is fast waking up to the necessity of the public abattoir, and the agitation being carried on in that country in this direction should be taken up by every humane organization in America. For a reform in this respect to be pushed forward with most serious purpose it would be necessary only for a few thousand of the meat consumers of America to visit the slaughter pens of this country and see the conditions under which the animals whose flesh they eat are killed and dressed.

A REAL LOVER OF DOGS

A POOR woman, whose name we do not know, sent us, last month, a small contribution for the suffering animals in Halifax. In her letter she says: "I have fed my dogs for six months and lived myself on one doughnut and a glass of milk a day so that they shouldn't be hungry. I was unable to work but I kept my money and went without myself that they might be fed. I have often given my share of my supper away to feed some hungry and homeless cat or dog, just as I would want someone to do for mine if anything happened to me." To many this will seem a needless and absurd sacrifice. But just now, when so much is said of the food consumed by household pets, this is an illustration of the fact that many do, and that still more would, if necessary, deny themselves of food rather than part with friends whose fidelity and devotion never fail.

SUCCESS in life depends on chewing the right kind of gum, if current advertisements are believable."

BUT this time it is not for itself in any sense, neither is it for greater wealth, nor greater power, nor greater glory, but simply and solely that right and not might shall prevail, that each individual people shall be respected in its own sovereignty, that not the power of arms, but the power of truth shall be the arbiter in the world's destiny.

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
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WILLIAM ENOS

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated.....	742
Animals examined.....	4999
Number of prosecutions.....	16
Number of convictions.....	16
Horses taken from work.....	99
Horses humanely destroyed.....	149
Small animals humanely destroyed.....	491
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined.....	15,095
Cattle, swine, and sheep humanely destroyed.....	72

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequest of \$4500 (additional) from a Topsfield friend. It has received gifts of \$250 each from Mrs. E. R. T., and a friend "for Pat Hayes"; \$100 each from E. S.C., Mrs. A.H., Mrs. G.M. DuB., "in loving memory of my dear little short-haired cats," Mrs. L. D. M., and Mrs. E. T.; \$50 each from Miss E. A. C., J. F. M., and a New York friend; \$25 each from T. K. L., Jr., Miss A. von A., H. W. W., Mrs. J. W. C., and M. D. G. "in memory of Ella J. Griggs"; \$20 each from Mrs. D. G., H. H. M., F. H. B. of which \$5 is for army and other horse relief, and W. L. R. of which \$10 is for army and other horse relief; and \$15 each from E. L. E., and P. and N. B., money earned and saved for Christmas. It has received for the Angell Memorial Hospital \$25 from Mrs. M. B. C.; and for army and other horse relief \$250 from Mrs. E. R. T.; \$100 each from Mrs. F. E. B. "in memory of my dear mother, Mary T. Glidden," and Mrs. L. N. K.; \$25 from Miss K. S.; \$20 from Mrs. G. S. H.; and \$15 each from Mrs. J. K. C., and D. R. M. L.

The Society has been remembered in the will of John C. Hatch of Hingham.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$54.12 from a Massachusetts friend, \$51.44 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature; and \$432.79, interest. January 8, 1918.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.

Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.	} Resident
J. G. M. DEVITA, V.M.D.	
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.	} Visiting Veterinarians
C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S.	
T. B. McDONALD, D.V.S.	

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

Pet-dog Boarding Department

Under direct oversight of the Doctors of the Hospital

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	284	Cases	246
Dogs	179	Dogs	148
Cats	49	Cats	87
Horses	55	Horses	3
Bird	1	Birds	3
Operations	95	Monkeys	2
		Snake	1
		Rabbit	1
		Goat	1
Hospital cases since opening, March 1,			
1915			7,789
Free Dispensary cases			10,168
Total			17,957

"A MASSACHUSETTS MASSACRE"

UNDER this heading the *Boston Transcript* hits a hard blow at our present State laws governing the open season for killing deer. Fawns and does appear to be the chief victims of the hunters' skill, or lack of skill. We cannot better express our own views with regard to this subject than by quoting a part of this sane and humane editorial:

"The slaughter of deer and particularly of does in the western counties of the State has gone on merrily this week (the week of Dec. 7). Of nine deer recorded as killed in North Adams yesterday five were does and four bucks. In Barre on Wednesday three deer were killed, all does. Small yearling bucks, down to one hundred pounds in weight, are recorded as having been shot here and there.

"In the main the popular sort of deer shooting in the western hills is a warfare on the female and the infant of the species. At Palmer, according to the *Worcester Telegram*, where thirteen deer had been killed up to Wednesday, dogs were used for the purpose of starting the deer. Hunters conceal themselves amongst the underbrush and lie in wait while the deer are driven along. Those who are not hunters and who venture on the roads frequently see deer limping along with broken legs. Many will die in the woods after the season is over.

"The season in our western counties looks a good deal more like massacre than it does like sport."

The report of the Fish and Game Commission shows that the number killed this year has been approximately 1000. No one will report the number of the wounded who escape only to die a lingering death.

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE, ANIMAL LOVER

IN a volume recently issued by Elliot Stock some examples are given of the late Archdeacon Wilberforce's passionate love of birds and beasts. It dated from his earliest years. "One has heard him speak reminiscently," remarks the author, Mr. C. E. Woods, "of drawers at Eton filled with taboo live stock; of snakes that dwelt among his shirts, and of one poignant moment when, on going up to London from school to see the Duke of Wellington's funeral, he discovered that a half-sovereign which was to have been spent on a tame rat had fallen out of his pocket. He finished the story by adding: 'It was the bitterest moment I ever experienced.' All animals loved him, and over snakes in particular he possessed a power; in later life he would carry these ophidian pets entwined around his arm."

Writing of a later period in the Archdeacon's life, Mr. Woods says: "Whether it were the little piping bullfinch, which, when he was recovering from a dangerous illness, he loved to have on his pillow, piping its one refrain, 'Ich liebe dich'; or the aged dog whose bed-time had to be mentioned in French lest he should immediately make himself invisible — the Archdeacon's pets were treated with the consideration due to friends. Each loved dog had its little tombstone in the Abbey Gardens, marked with holy words of his own choosing; he was always pleased to tell how each pet rested at last in consecrated ground. Once the writer was with him when he discovered in the road a little pigeon that had been injured by a motor-car. Very tenderly he carried it home, and with skilful fingers set and bandaged the broken wing, caring for the bird until it was able to fly away, 'which it did without one regret for me,' he said, half-humorously. On another occasion the writer and he observed a cat seated outside an empty house. 'Where's the caretaker?' he instantly inquired. It was presently discovered that the owner was away on a holiday. The Archdeacon would not be satisfied until he had received his address, when he at once telegraphed that the cat had been left unprovided for."

— *The Animal World*

TYPOGRAPHICAL errors," said William Dean Howells, "are always amusing. When I was a boy in my father's printing office in Martin's Ferry, I once made a good typographical error. My father had written, 'The showers last week, though copious, were not sufficient for the millmen.' I set it up 'milkmen.'"

AMONG the multitude of agencies springing to the relief of Halifax, the service of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should not be forgotten. Learning of the plight of thousands of animals in the ill-fated city, the Society dispatched two of its most trusted agents, to put fatally injured animals out of their misery and to build barns and other places of shelter. It meant that the special treat given by the Society heretofore in Christmas week to dray horses, condemned to long hours of work, had to be abandoned, but presumably said horses, having tasted the sweets of sacrifice, had all the happier Christmas.

— *The Congregationalist*

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies, see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
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Bands of Mercy en Europe	Switzerland

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Mrs. E. L. D. Bryan, Richmond, Virginia
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Seattle, Washington
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Miss Mary Harrold, Washington, D. C.
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

WAR AND CRIME AND HUMANE EDUCATION

IN a recent issue of this magazine we called attention to the experience in France as reported by the French press, that juvenile crime had increased rapidly since the outbreak of the war. This doubtless is due to two causes, first the absence of the father from home, and second the demoralizing influence of the war spirit even among the young. We have just seen a report made by Albert E. Webster, assistant superintendent of the Juvenile Protective Association, that juvenile delinquency has increased 50 per cent. in Chicago since the United States entered into war. He states that practically the same increase has been reported in England. Here are some of his facts:

"In an area one mile square, starting east

from Thirty-ninth street and Ashland avenue, among juvenile offenses reported were the following:

"A proprietor of a merry-go-round was shot by boys because he refused to allow them to use his machine as a sleeping place.

"When leaving the 'yards' at West Forty-fifth street and Gross avenue, three colored men were stoned by a mob of boys.

"Later another gang of twelve boys stoned and knocked down a negro. The same day a dozen boys held up a fruit peddler.

"In the last two weeks the manager of a store reported that at least ten boys were stealing things from his store. The stolen articles almost invariably were such things as flags and toys representing weapons of war.

"An officer discovered the headquarters of the boys to be in an old shack at West Forty-eighth and South Ada streets. The shack was known as the 'war club.' It was decorated with flags and emblems. In a hole was found forty-three emblems which had been stolen from the store. These had been taken by boys 10 years of age, who had been compelled to steal by the older boys."

No one should be surprised at reading such a report. One of the things war breeds is just this spirit of lawlessness and moral delinquency. We shall face it more and more as the war goes on and it will remain as one of the legacies it leaves us when it ends.

There is no antidote, we believe, that can compare with humane education for this evil tendency. The President of the French Republic has frankly admitted the need in France today, in all their public schools, of this special teaching as one of the most effective ways of counteracting the tendency toward violations of law and the moral order, on the part of the young, which always accompanies war.

Our American Humane Education Society was never so needed in this country as at the present hour. And while, on the whole, our welcome into the public schools is generally cordial, we are more frequently than in the past meeting with objections on the part of principals that they are so taken up with matters pertaining to the war that they have no time for any other outside affairs. Humane education to these teachers seems to be not only an "outside affair," but something hostile to the spirit of patriotism and to winning the war. Instead it teaches the noblest patriotism—the spirit of justice, fair play, compassion toward the weak and defenseless both among one's fellows and the creatures below him. It teaches the inalienable rights of others, however lowly and unprotected, it quickens the impulse to treat with justice both man and beast and bird, it stirs the heart to unselfish and courageous deeds to maintain the right everywhere against the wrong. Nothing could be more vital to the very life of any school.

Our Society spends every year more than its income to widen this work in this and other lands. It never has enough to meet the calls for workers in the various States of the Union. How can one give more wisely than to prevent crime and delinquency, and to train the generations of the future in those principles that make for character and the nobler types of citizenship?

*THE foe that strikes thee,
For thy country's sake
Strike him with all thy might;
But while thou strikest,
Forget not still to love him.*

THE EMPEROR MUTSU HITO OF JAPAN

UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING AGAIN

ALREADY, before this war is over, we are hearing again the demand for universal military training. We had supposed that one of the ends sought in this war was a lasting peace. Hundreds of thousands have already laid down their lives, hundreds of thousands more are ready for the great sacrifice, in the supreme hope that militarism will no more curse the world once it has been redeemed from it with their blood. It is folly to say this cry for universal military training is not militarism. It is. Whatever the plea put forth to justify it, it springs from the same old belief that the only way to have peace is to prepare for war. In Heaven's name, once this war is over, let us learn how to create and set in motion the machinery designed to bring peace and keep it among men! We may well wait until the nations have laid down their arms, until we have seen whether or not they have not utterly sickened of war, before forcing this question any further upon the nation. If militarism is decently buried at the close of this war it will be time enough to dig a new grave for it when it shows unmistakable signs of rising from the dead.

AT PEACE AT LAST

THE following incident of the war is too beautiful for any of us to miss whatever his religious beliefs. It is taken from a sermon by Archbishop Glennon:

A French soldier, wounded in a recent attack on the German trenches, related the incident.

"Near me," he says, "lay two soldiers, mortally wounded; one a Bavarian, young and fair-haired, with a gaping wound in his stomach, and the other a young Frenchman, hit in the side and head.

"Both were in mortal pain, and growing paler and paler. I saw a feeble movement on the part of the Frenchman. He painfully slipped his hand under his coat for something hidden away under his breast. He drew out a little silver crucifix which he pressed to his lips. Feebly, but clearly, he began: 'Hail Mary, full of grace.'

"The Bavarian opened his blue eyes, which were already glazed with approaching death, turned his head toward the Frenchman, and with a look, not of hate, but almost of love, finished in a moment the prayer, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of death.'

"The eyes of the two men met, and they understood. They were two companions in like misfortune desiring to die believing according to their faith. The Frenchman held out his crucifix to the other, who kissed it, and taking him by the hand said: 'Having served our countries, let us go to God reconciled.'

"BE KIND TO ANIMALS" PRIZES

LAST summer the American Humane Education Society offered prizes for "Be Kind to Animals" Bands of Mercy organized in orphan homes, schools of correction, reformatories, and similar institutions for children, before December 15. Although the offer was open to Bands all over the country, the prize winners were reported from the same State. The first prize, of \$15 in cash, was won by the "Be Kind to Animals" Band of Mercy of the State Reformatory for Boys at Broad Neck, Virginia; and the second prize, of \$10 in cash, by the "Be Kind to Animals" Band of the State Reformatory for Girls, Peak, Virginia.

JIM-DOG

HE wasn't, well, a fancy kind o' dog — not Jim!
 But, oh, I sorter couldn't seem ter help a-lovin' him.
 He always seemed ter understand.
 He'd rub his nose against my hand
 If I was feelin' blue or sad,
 Or if my thoughts was pretty bad;
 And how he'd bark an' frisk an' play when I was
 gay!

A soldier's dog don't have much time ter whine
 Like little pets a-howlin' at th' moon.
 A soldier's dog is bound ter learn, right soon,
 That war is war, an' what a steady line of men in
 khaki means.

(What, dogs don't know?)

You bet they do! Jim-dog, he had ter go
 Along th' trenches oftentimes at night;
 He seemed ter sense it when there was a fight
 A-brewin'. Oh, I guess he knew, all right!)
 I was a soldier, an' Jim-dog was mine.

Ah, what's the use?

There never was another dog like him.

Why, on th' march I'd pause an' call — "Hey,
 Jim!"

And he'd be there, his head tipped on one side,
 A-lookin' up at me with love an' pride,
 His tail a-waggin' an' his ears raised high. . . .

I wonder why my Jim-dog had ter die?
 He was a friend ter folks; he didn't bite;
 He never snapped at no one in th' night;
 He didn't hale a soul; an' he was game!
 An' yel . . . a spark o' light, a durtin' flame
 Across th' dark, a sneaky bit o' lead,
 An' he was . . . dead!

They say there ain't no heaven-land fer him,
 'Cause dogs is dogs, an' haven't any right;
 But let me tell yer this; without my Jim
 Th' very shinin' streets would seem less bright!
 An' somehow I'm a-thinkin' that if he
 Could come at that last stirrin' bugle call
 Up to th' gales o' gold aside o' me,
 Where God stands smilin' welcome to us all,
 An' I said, "Father, here's my dog . . . here's
 Jim,"

They'd find some corner, touched with love, fer him!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, Jr., in the *Christian Herald*

THE high cost of everything is felt by our Societies. Please do not forget this when planning your year's charities.

MAKE your plans now so that this year's Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday will surpass all previous efforts.

NO better memorial contribution could be made for a relative, or a pet animal, than a gift to the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

HAVE you contributed to the Army Horse Fund, under the supervision of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.? If you have not, do so at once. If you have, do so again. Funds are needed and appreciated. Acknowledgments are published in *Our Dumb Animals*.

IN Franklin Park, Boston, "Be Kind to Animals" pennants have been placed on nearly all the animal houses, where thousands of grown people and children read the motto. We suggest that it would be a good idea for other cities to place these signs in parks, or wherever they will attract the public eye.

"Billee," a Character Study

REV. W. D. GLADWIN

WHEN Carlyle wrote his famous lectures on "Heroes and Hero-Worship," he made a grave omission. In naming the characteristics of great men he ought to have said that all great men have owned a dog. As regards dogs in general, I advise you to read Huxley's brilliant essay, "On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals," wherein you will find much valuable information. I wish to begin where Huxley left off. No, a little later even, as I first made the acquaintance of my dog when it was a six weeks' old puppy.

The best happenings in one's life seem to come by chance, or accident, rather than by design. Our best friends; the books we love most; the loveliest scenes; the most charming walks; all have been discovered not by searching for, but just as surprises along the ordinary pathway of life.

One morning the milkman came to my door as usual, and while doling out the usual pint he asked if I would like to have one of his dogs, as he was about to emigrate to Australia. He didn't want anything for it, he only wished to find it a good home. My dog, then, made a propitious entry into my home; it came to me young and "priceless," and from that day to this I have never had cause to rue the bargain.

That day was four years ago. In the interval I have gathered much wisdom, for as Goldsmith says: "The volume of nature is the book of knowledge, and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selection."

Four years ago I was of the opinion that the popular phrase, "To lead a dog's life," was a term of reproach. But now I know better. Even Tom Hood, that inimitable writer of ballads, makes the same error. Speaking of Tim Turpin's wife, he says:

"A happy wife, altho' she led
 The life of any dog."

If leading a dog's life is anything like the life my dog Billee leads, — by the way, I call her "Billee," she is a black and white fox terrier, — then Tim Turpin's wife was not in a completely unenviable condition. My reasoning is probably faulty; having read Huxley you will have been warned of the logical error of drawing general conclusions from a single case of observation. But Huxley's valuable information, "sound scientific knowledge" he calls it, is totally useless for my purpose. And besides, Hood says, "The life of any dog."

Enjoyment depends largely on taste. Billee's tastes are catholic. She likes a good fire, a soft cushion in an easy chair, chocolate, milk, toffee, cake, chickens, sunshine and a host of other luxuries. And she gets them too; all by permission, except the chickens. As a puppy she had a liking for literature. About a month after taking up her residence with me, I met a man who knew all her antenatal history. He was an odious "dog-fancier" who wanted to sell me her pedigree. He outlined it for me — "dam" so and so, "sire," Wharfedale Wonder, etc., etc. "About half a yard of it on paper," he said. I asked if he could not put, at the bottom, a remark to the effect that she had a "classical strain" in her. He was nonplussed until I told him that she had eaten part of "Plutarch's Lives," half of "The Teaching of Epictetus," and part of a Bible. He was still bewildered, so I bade him "good morning." She also ate one or two linen collars and chewed the top off a boot. That was in her "wild oat" days which she has left behind long ago.

Reader, have you a dog? I don't mean a useful dog, but a dog that serves a purpose similar to that of a book. A companion, a sort of friend in whom you place implicit trust! If you have, you are fortunate. I can give you some advice. There is an art in keeping dogs which it pays one to learn. "Always allow your dog to do what it likes," is a good maxim, providing you have previously made its "likes" conform to your wishes. Do not be continually nagging at it. I hate to hear people shouting, "Come here, Tiny," at almost every yard of the road, when they take a walk. "Train up a puppy, etc., etc.," is also a wise course. Billee is a perfect dog. And she is perfect because of the mutual understanding that exists between us.

Half the stories one hears about the intelligence of dogs are false. All mine about Billee are intensely true. She can understand clearly a lot of words and sentences. "Go to bed"; "Fetch your collar, we are going for a walk"; "Here's the milkman coming"; are quite simple to her. Moreover, not being stupid at all, she obeys the requests with alacrity. She can open widely a door that is slightly ajar, and will shake hands for half an hour on end.

Although she has aesthetic tastes, she is no ascetic. She will sit up and beg as long as there is anything to beg for. She is very fond of children (no! I don't wish to sell her), espe-



COLLIE PUPS GROW UP FAST INTO DIGNIFIED DOGHOOD

cially when their mothers send them out with a "fistful" of cake. I've seen her taking bites alternately with one of them, at a tea-cake. Her accomplishments are legion, but they are not her sole asset in gaining respect and affection. Her main virtues are a good disposition and a choice taste. She is homely and unassuming; never puts on airs (although at times she puts off hairs), and avoids fussiness.

When one comes to the shelter of home after a day's strenuous battle with a hard matter-of-fact business world, how pleasing it is to be welcomed by a dog whose appearance bespeaks the very essence of good nature!

I like to stay in bed of a morning until the streets are "aired," which is often after the arrival of the postman and the morning paper. (I think that those who can get up at daybreak, or thereabouts, feeling "as fresh as a daisy," ought to consult a doctor.) Billee has been trained, after much trouble, to bring the papers and letters upstairs to me, so that I may indulge in the pleasure of reading in bed.

Reader, have you a dog? It takes years to complete a dog's education. Billee's latest accomplishment is to go alone from home to the station and meet the train that brings her master home, and with all her accomplishments she possesses negative virtues. She never yaps or yelps or cowers, takes no pleasure in quarrels, and shuns the acquaintance of mongrels.

When Hazlitt, in his delightful essay, "On Going on a Journey," said, "I do not ask for a friend in my retreat, Whom I may whisper Solitude is sweet," he had overlooked the fact that a dog is an ideal walking companion. I mean a dog like Billee. Solitude loses none of its charms in such company. Billee walks miles with me without engaging in argument or asking questions. She never demurs at taking any particular turning, or attempts to make a pun or crack a joke. When I stop to look over a farmyard gate and admire the architecture of the old farmhouse, she stops and looks through the gate and admires the "architecture" of the poultry.

As a reading companion Billee is simply splendid; better even than one's wife! Reader, have you a —? It is rather irritating when one has to come back all the way from one of Hakluyt's voyages for the trivial purpose of answering a question put by one's wife, regarding some incident in the day's happenings. And if the answer is not immediately given, to hear the question repeated with extra emphasis. It is, as I said, somewhat irritating; but Billee never does so. And if one happens, when reading, to ejaculate almost unconsciously, "Splendid," or "That's all right," Billee acquiesces at once, instead of saying, "What's all right?" Moreover, if one happens to chuckle over a humorous reading, it takes away from one's pleasure, somewhat, to have to explain the cause of the transient hilarity.

In the lost literature of the ancient Britons it is probable that the dog received his due meed of praise; as tradition has it that the first observer, in England, of the full moon addressed it as follows:

"O Moon, bright as a new tin pan,
Where is thy dog, thy lantern and thy man?"

Reader! have you a "canine appendage"? If you have, Billee wishes to be remembered to it. And indeed, as a perfect dog, she sends her kind regards to all the dogs, particularly to a certain "Tango Tommy" who resides somewhere in the north of England.

"Be Kind to Animals" EVERY DAY IN 1918.

A BLOODLESS DEER HUNT

IN *Fins, Feathers and Fur* Mr. W. W. Kirkpatrick, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying picture, gives this account of a young deer, born and living under natural conditions, when first meeting with the greatest and most deadly enemy of its family:

On June 13, in company with Professor W. H. Baird of Hamline University, I was "hiking" a short distance north of Bain in Aitkin county. The excellent feeding grounds, and the almost inaccessible hiding places, render this part of



THE WEEK-OLD FAWN

Minnesota a favored locality for the noble, but timid deer.

We had traversed almost the entire length of the island and were following an old beaver dam which intersects a marsh, when we discovered that for which we had so many times vainly sought.

Our find was a female fawn probably about a week old, devoid of fear so far as our presence was concerned. It seemed to take no interest in us whatever. Even when taken into our arms and fondled it made no attempt to escape.

The only alarm manifested by the fawn was caused by a freight train which passed at a distance of about an eighth of a mile. Vibrations of the earth were noticeable on account of the marshy condition of the land, and either these or the noise of the train seemed to excite the little creature which struggled to get free, and bleated most pitifully. But as the vibrations and noise ceased, its excitement subsided and it relapsed into perfect contentment.

After taking a few "shots" with the camera, we returned the fawn to its bed, and it curled up as contentedly as a kitten.

The most surprising thing to me was the total lack of fear and utter indifference to our presence, of a creature born in a wild state and which for the first time gazed upon a human being. I am curious to know at what age they first begin to show symptoms of fear in regard to man.

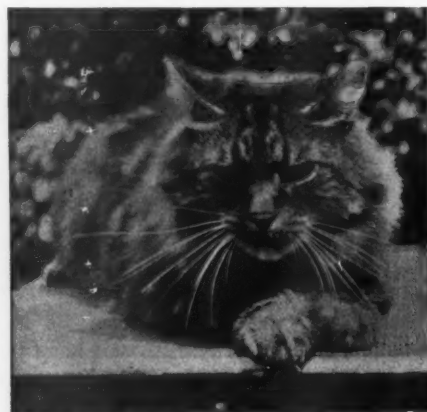
CATS AND AUTHORS

BOTH the opponents and the defenders of cats are right; for the cat is the Jekyll-Hyde of the animal kingdom, declares a litterateur, writing to the *Boston Herald*. No matter how dainty and winsome she may be, "this is," in Lord Chesterfield's phrase, "a different world after ten o'clock" so far as she is concerned. Then primitive instincts gain control, and with an atavistic leap Tabby becomes once more a denizen of the jungle. Yet I, for my part, can stand caterwauling as but a slight ruffling of nocturnal serenity, to be cured, like a toothache, by a vigorous application of cold water; if the dog has his day, why shouldn't the cat have her night? One of the main reasons for liking the cat comes from the contemplation of her graceful figure purring its way through the pages of English literature from earliest times.

Back in the 13th century Ralph Poor, in turn the bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Durham, gave some interesting advice to three sisters who had become nuns. In the "Ancient Riwle" or "Rule of Nuns," as his book is called, he says: "Ye, my beloved sisters, should have no beast except one cat." And why? "An anchoress ought to have nothing that draws her heart outward." A delicate tribute, that, to the sweetly ingratiating temperament of cats! At the same time we get a charming picture in our mind's eye of these three otherworldly ladies in their convent so long ago.

Johnson's successor in Shakespearean scholarship, the late Dr. Furness, confessed that he could not work without having his big black cat somewhere about the library. It seems to me that John Fiske had a similar weakness, but of this I shall not be too sure. Certain it is that William Butler Yeats likes cats; and he has remarked with a fine touch of natural observation, "There is a time at twilight when all cats are gray and all men are handsome."

Some may recall that Baudelaire and Maupassant and Flaubert admired cats, but to my mind these French animals were green-eyed monsters. I prefer to think of the home-loving English cat blinking comfortably by an English fireside. Her counterpart I find in the "adorable," soft-furred Maltese who leaps up from the hearth into Chloe's lap and snuggles into the warm hollow of her arms. For Chloe, like the tenderly human anchoresses of seven centuries ago and, like the great-hearted Dr. Johnson, Chloe loves cats. And what need I say more?



A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD PERSIAN, OWNED
BY MRS. G. W. HERTZEL OF
SHARON, CONN.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

OUR BACKDOOR NEIGHBORS, Frank C. Pellett.

Through the discerning and sympathetic eyes of the naturalist-author of this excellent volume, one quickly catches new glimpses of certain animals and birds that choose to live and move in close proximity to man. Not only is the author a keen observer and painstaking student of out-door life but also a teller of fascinating stories. In sharing the secrets about the owls, red-tails, turtles, cottontails, and crows which he discovered and now unfolds, he is awakening a new interest in these creatures and their ways of living.

Several years of time and unlimited patience were required to obtain the splendid illustrations used and every one is from an original photograph taken from life by the writer.

This unique nature book is issued, the author states, "in the hope that these intimate stories of life in the big out-of-doors may lead to a better understanding of the difficulties and dangers that beset the wild creatures, and a more sympathetic relationship with them."

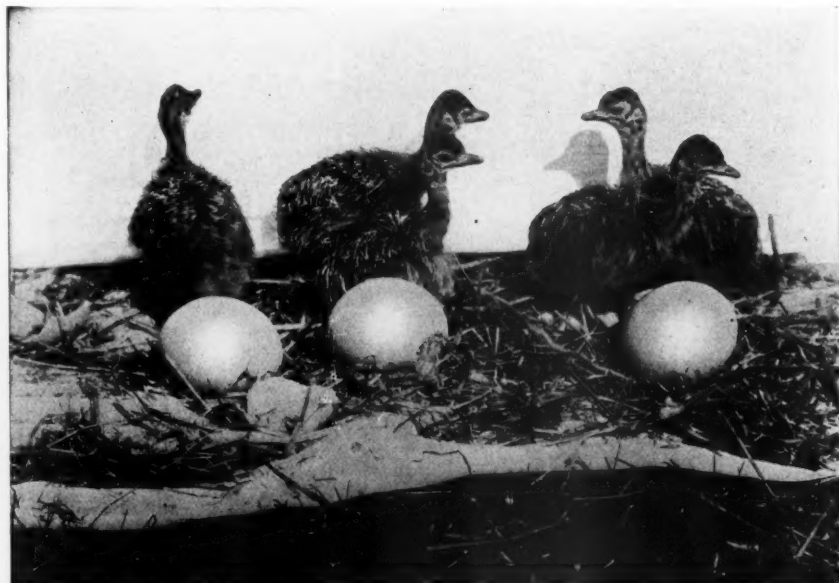
209 pp. \$1.50 net., The Abingdon Press, New York.

LITERATURE FOR OUR SOLDIERS

SEVERAL copies of "Black Beauty" and 200 copies of the Christmas issue of *Our Dumb Animals* were distributed among the men of the Massachusetts Coast Artillery, and several hundred cards and pamphlets on the care and treatment of the horse were sent to a company of artillery at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., during December.

WE have no criticism to pass upon the Government because of its silence regarding many things we would like to know. We believe there are reasons for this silence that would satisfy the most of us if we knew them. That far more has been accomplished of the gigantic task of preparation than appears in the public press is revealed occasionally by some unexpected fact suddenly transpiring.

BY quaint irony his central idea, 'the ego-rampant,' was temperamentally suited to those Prussians whom he (Nietzsche) hated."



HEALTHY YOUNG OSTRICHES HATCHED IN INCUBATOR



A PET BOB-WHITE

SARA LOWE BROWN

THE hunting season is here. The law of Ohio protects the quail, most useful friend of the farmer. It also protects the dove.

Dearest of all pets that ever shared our home was a little bob-white who lived with us five years. When we found Bobbie he was perhaps a day old. He came in the yard to be hovered by a leghorn hen with little chicks. Bobbie was allowed to roam over the house yard and garden at his pleasure. He was most useful in keeping the vegetables free from insects. The little bird would play "hide and seek" and have us hunt him. He would sit on a chair at the dining table waiting to be fed. Our grief was great when Bobbie suddenly died.

IF any of the lower animals bear about them the impress of a Divine hand, it is found in the dog. The connection between man and the dog no lapse of time, no change of circumstances, no infliction of evil, can dissolve. YOUATT

POOR BIRD OF FRANCE!

*TIS said, that in bleeding France,
Where'er a maimed or broken tree
Lifts up its arms, in pitiful array
Above a gashed and sodden ground,
That there, when golden sunbeams dance,
Upon hurt Nature's breast — a melody
Surpassing sweet — at break and close of day,
Breaks in above the Battle's awful sound;
For some spared, lonely bird doth sing
Its burst of wondrous melody divine —
Head bravely lifted, eyes agleam,
Trembling with rapture, with folded wing —
There where earth faileth of Joy, — Faith is thine;
To thee the hurt, the sad, the dying, turn and dream
Of Home, and love, and God and Heaven!
Praise to thee, feathered chorister so brave;
Poor bleeding France, in thee hath found the test
Of that dear, singing soul of Immortality,
Which breaks alike, at upward look
From bird and human breast,
Sing on at night, and noon, and morn,
If thy sweet melody be heard awhile,
Perchance the Day, the blessed Day of Peace, will
dawn!*

BOB-WHITE A SONG-BIRD

BY their songs ye shall know them." Last year the Ohio legislature placed quail or bob-whites among the song-birds, thus insuring them longer protection than they ever had as non-migratory game birds. The sweet and cheerful notes of the bob-white make him entitled to a place among the master singers of the bird world. In "Friends in Feathers" Gene Stratton-Porter pays a fine tribute to the quail and his captivating music:

"I am sorry our legislators do not put quail among song-birds. Their plumage is much handsomer than some of our choicest singers; they are graceful and elegant on foot, while their music every one knows and loves. Only a note shorter and only a degree less melodious than the lark, which is of finer flavor as food; yet the soul sickens at the thought of such sacrilege in the case of the lark — why not the quail also?"

"Bob, Bob-White! Bob, Bob-White!" How beautifully it pipes up from meadow-grass and clover! How it softens and quivers with the passion of mating! How it swells and rings when flung as a challenge to a rival from stumps and fences! How it comes sweeping in certain, steady tones on the breast of the river! What would summer be to lovers of field and stream without it? How little children everywhere love and try to imitate it! Sip nectar of fruit and honey of flower that you may trill even sweeter, O ye favorites of protecting fortune, or soon this plucky little gamester of the fields will win enough hearts with his cheery whistle to place himself among you!"

WORTH THE COST OF THE WAR

I SUPPOSE not many fortunate by-products can come out of a war, but if the United States can learn something about saving out of this war it will be worth the cost of the war; I mean the literal cost of it in money and resources. I suppose we have several times over wasted what we are now about to spend. We have not known that there was any limit to our resources; we are now finding out that there may be if we are not careful.—PRESIDENT WILSON

JUDGE. — It seems to me I've seen you before.

PRISONER. — You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons.

JUDGE. — Fourteen years!

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
 GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
 E. A. MARYOTT } *State Organizers*
 L. H. GUYOL }

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Two hundred and eighty-nine new Bands of Mercy were reported in December. Of these 97 were in schools of Massachusetts; 93 in schools of Virginia; 39 in schools of Maine; 21 in schools of North Carolina; 15 in schools of South Carolina; eight in schools of Minnesota; seven in schools of Texas; and one each in New York, West Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, Ohio, Michigan, Idaho, Canada, and Jamaica, British West Indies. The numerals indicate the number of Bands in each school or town:

Schools in Massachusetts

Athol: Lake Park, 6; Ellen Bigelow, 8; Riverbend, 8; Main St., 4; Highland Bldg., 4; Hapgood, 2; Pleasant St.
 Gardner: School St., 8; West St., 8; Stuart St.; Knowlton St., 4; Chestnut St., 4; Connor St., 8; Broadway, 4; Pleasant St., 4; Prospect St., 6; Holy Rosary, 5.
 Hyde Park: St. Raphael's, 12.

Schools in Maine

Bath: Peoples' Church S.S.; Dummer St., 2; North St. Primary, 4; Mitchell, 5; North Grammar, 4; South St. Grammar, 4; Weeks St. Grammar, 4; Center, 4; Washington St., 4; South St. Primary, 5; Winnegance.
 Neguasset: Methodist S.S.

Upper Jay, New York: Kilburn School, District No. 5.

Schools in Virginia

Broad Neck: State Reformatory.
 Peak: State Reformatory.
 Richmond: Montrose, 5; Gunter Park, 11; Fox, 18; Ruffner, 12; Robert Fulton, 23; Highland Park, 15; Barton Heights, 7.

Hubbardstown, W. Va.: Christmas.

Flat Gap, Kentucky: St. Eulalia.

Schools in North Carolina

Albermarle: Graded.
 Salisbury: Piedmont Institute, 2; Chestnut Hill Graded, 3; St. John's Lutheran High; Miss Jenkins' Private; Miss Jones' Private; Union Hill Graded, 3; Livingston College.
 Spencer: Graded, 8.

Schools in South Carolina

Rock Hill: Highland Park Graded, 3; Arcade Victoria Graded, 4; Aragon Manchester Graded, 4; Presbyterian Colored Graded, 2; Episcopal Colored, 2.

Birmingham, Alabama: Robinson.

Dayton, Ohio: Willard School.

Pontiac, Michigan: Baldwin School.

Schools in Minnesota

Duluth: Jefferson; Fairmount; Merritt, 2; Ensign; Madison, 2; Monroe.

Schools in Texas

Forth Worth: North Side Grammar, 3; Baptist College, 2; Yellow Row; West End Grammar.

Baker, Idaho: Baker.

Govan, Sask., Canada: Ross.

Newport, Jamaica, B. W. L.: Bethabara Infant School.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 111,433

THE money that in charity you spend
 You do not wholly lose — you merely lend;
 Some day its echo will yourself befriend.



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"FOXY AND FREDDIE WERE VERY GOOD FRIENDS"

(From "Our Backdoor Neighbors")

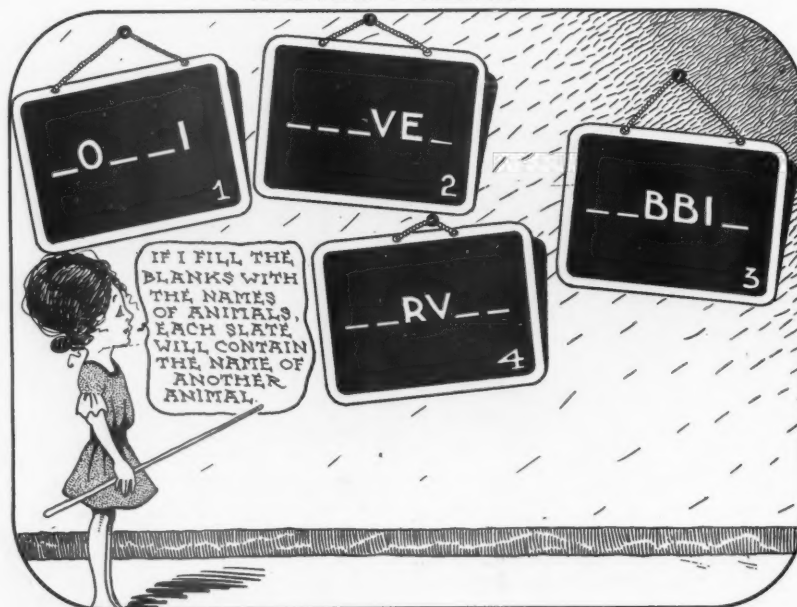
A BAND OF MERCY GARDEN

ONE of the fine-looking community gardens in Somerville, Massachusetts, last summer, was that of the Central Hill Band of Mercy, organized by Miss Edith Woodman. The Band is composed of twenty-five bright-appearing boys of the neighborhood.

On the vacant lot was an old cellar hole full of rocks and dump, and the grounds were quite unsightly before sixteen boys of the Band of Mercy undertook the transformation of the place, plowing and tilling the land themselves, digging out great rocks, etc., planting and doing all the work incidental to growing all kinds of vegetables.

MISSING LETTER PUZZLE

WALTER WELLMAN



THE HERMIT'S NEIGHBORS

O. BYRON COPPER

WILD canaries are neighbors of mine, sir;
 The gay male a bright lemon and black,
 While the female is somewhat more sombre —
 Greenish wings, olive breast, darker back.

They are cautious, but oft to my whistle
 They reply and then shyly draw near,
 To alight in a purple-blown thistle,
 There to twitler and flit without fear.

And another coy neighbor I have, sir,
 Whom I see on occasions most rare,
 Is the indigo bird, e'er retiring —
 I believe a confirmed solitaire.

Still another good neighbor I'll mention,
 But he's small, is the wee, saucy wren —
 Son of Mars, in his neat coat of olive,
 He's courageous beyond mortal ken.

And again, there's my neighbor, the cat-bird,
 Clad in drab, with sharp beak and bright eyes,
 And who meows, I'll admit, but when wooing
 Trills a song one can hardly despise.

And there, too, is the lithe little cee-dee,
 Who is with me not only in spring,
 But throughout the cold frosts of the winter
 Still his "chick-a-dee" gayly he'll sing.

All of these are neighbors of mine, sir;
 And a happier lot you'll not find;
 Here we live the year 'round in the forest,
 Amidst perfect contentment of mind.

THOUSANDS OF MEMBERS

MR. F. R. LANGLEY of Roxbury, Massachusetts, has organized twenty Bands of Mercy, the total membership of which is now 4420. Of these 1545 are in his home Band, known as the F. R. Langley Humane Society. Mr. Langley is ably assisted by a corps of efficient and enthusiastic officers.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

THINGS TO REMEMBER IN 1918

LET us learn to love and protect the birds and their nests, for birds are man's helpers.

Let us protect the cats and dogs from ill treatment, give them food and water and a warm place to sleep in. They like a gentle touch and kind words.

Make the horse comfortable. Do not use the overhead check or any tight checkreins. Never jerk, kick, whip, overload, or overwork him.

Do not fish or hunt just for sport or use steel or other cruel traps.

Try never to cause needless pain to any living creature.

Do nothing to hurt the feelings of anyone.

Do all you can to make others happy.

When you see any creature abused, earnestly but kindly protest against such abuse.

Try to treat every living creature as you would like to be treated if you were that creature.



The Bear in Winter

by A. Stanton Brown

Long ago when bears could read,
A Bear by reading solved his need,
Winters then were hard on bears;
They couldn't sit in easy chairs
Before the fire and read, like you —
They often froze deep black and blue.

Now, the bear of whom I speak
Read a book 'most every week,
And one week by a lucky twinkle
He laid his paws on "Rip Van Winkle."
It told how Rip slept months and months.
Then said the bear, "Why, I'm a dunce!"
And he dug deep in the side of a hill,
And he ate and ate till he'd eaten his fill.
Then he crawled inside his new-made den
And he didn't come out till Spring again!

Since then the bears have forgotten to read,
But one thing's the same with the *Bruno Breed*:
In winter months 'tis their habit still
To bury themselves in a hole in a hill.



WE ARE ONLY "MAKING BELIEVE"

THE SOLDIER'S CAT

DURING the Crimean War a French soldier was leaving his native village with his corps, when a little cat came running after him. It would not go back, so he put it on his knapsack and carried it along. Day by day she was perched up thus, and every night slept by his side. One day a great battle was to be fought, so the soldier left pussy behind with a sick comrade. After he had gone about a mile on the way the cat came running up to him, so he took it on his back again. Musket and cannon balls were now flying around. The soldier fell twice, but at last a dreadful wound laid him bleeding on the field. The cat, instead of running away, jumped to the place where the blood was flowing, and began to lick the wound. The army doctor then came, and the lad was carried to the hospital tent. When he recovered consciousness, he asked whether he would live or not, and the doctor said: "Yes, thanks to your kind pussy; she has used her tongue well and has stopped the flow of blood, otherwise you would have died." Pussy was then much petted, and was allowed to stay with her master. This shows how faithful a cat can be to those who are kind to it.

ARTHUR BROADLEY in *Evangelical Messenger*

MY GUEST

WHEN I ate breakfast by the fire,
Where it was warm and still,
A little snowbird came and perched
Right on the window sill.

He'd found a nice, fat crumb to eat,
He didn't mind the weather,
And so we both of us sat there
And breakfasted together.

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A. FOR
DECEMBER, 1917

People who give their time, influence, or money to further any animal society's work will NEVER feel the sting of ingratitude, but will ALWAYS feel the animals' gratitude, and be remembered in this life and afterwards by friends of animals, when ALL others have forgotten them.

Bequest of \$4500 (additional) from a Topsfield friend.

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